

June 6th 1918.

My Darling Wife:-

This makes about the "steenth" time I have started to write to you since yesterday morning, but with no success, for believe me these are busy days with E.H. #2 and we are all on the jump every minute. It has been impossible to find time for anything except eating meals and even those have been much neglected, contrary to my usual custom. You know me well enough to know that when I overlook a meal there is a real reason for it.

Well - we have had lots of excitement and activity. I can't tell you about it - thanks to friend Censor - but you know this is a military hospital and with that much knowledge you can let your imagination run riot. It is hard work indeed, but I certainly feel that it is small work compared to what the men in the trenches are doing - God bless them! They know what hardship is - we only think we do. And it is so hard to see the poor fellows when they come in here. They are gritty and never com-

plain, but still, that makes it all the harder to see them suffer. One thing is certain - they are certainly receiving wonderful care, thanks to the Army Medical Corps and the American Red Cross. You women at home, engaged in that work, will never fully realize what a wonderful work it is, and how much our ultimate victory in this war depends on it. It is simply impossible to estimate the actual indebtedness of our Army to the Red Cross and the wonderful women like you who are working so hard for the boys over here.

While sitting here in the door of my tent I have seen a very exciting and interesting aerial combat in which two German planes were brought down by our Yankee gunners. Even now they are shooting at a big balloon which we can't make out even with our glasses, to be anything but a Zeppelin. If it is, it is the first we have seen on this front and I hope they nail it. When these aeroplanes come down, all in flames, pitching and swerving and falling like a plummet, it sure does bring your heart right up in your mouth.

and gives you a good bit of admiration for the bravery of the men who go up in them, be they German or Allies. Of course we are glad to see them brought down and hope that the good work goes on.

I am feeling very good now. My Grippe is a thing of the past and I am glad for you know dear, when I have that little bug, I have it bad. It has left me with a slight cough - otherwise as good as new. Yesterday noon I got two wonderful letters from you - the first in ten days. It certainly seemed good to get them and I want more today. They were written on May 13th which makes pretty good time I think. Oh my darling, I am so homesick - just for you dear and the babies. How I would love to be with you and won't we have a wonderful time when I am. You ask when this war will be over. I know as much about it as anyone else I guess. We have got to win it. American soldiers are the only solution and the

sooner they get here the sooner it will be over. They are here now by the hundreds of thousands but they are needed by the millions and then "Kaiser Bill" will have to call a halt. Nobody wants peace till the Germans are whipped. No matter how much we want to come back to our loved ones and God's Country, we don't want to leave this job undone, and it simply means, patience, bravery, and fortitude on the part of every man over here and of every woman over there. Then when we do come home, we will be coming to a land freed forever of the menace of the fate that has befallen Belgium, France and Serbia. So dearest, there is nothing to do but hope and pray, and be brave, and I know that of all brave women on the face of this earth, my wife is the bravest and dearest.

I am awfully glad you went to that dance dear and it would please me more if you would go out often, for you certainly should have all the recreation possible. Anything to divert your mind, is a good thing for you dear. My mind is continually

diverted by my work, which comes in an unending and ceaseless stream. I was awakened at 1:30 this morning by a terrific cannonading - a barrage at the front - which lasted all night long, and is still going on sporadically.

It is a perfectly beautiful sunny day. There is not a cloud in the sky, and I can't help but think on days like this, of the wonderful trips we used to have in the Cadillac. Those were good days weren't they sweetheart? Well - cheer up - they will be here again sometime. The spring flowers over here are beautiful. There are immense fields of beautiful wild poppies, and daisies, forget-me-nots and blue bells. I have never seen such a profusion of flowers except in the western part of our country. But I won't see going to be here to tour France. I will have seen all of France that I want to see, when I get away from here.

I wonder if you have received the

last box I sent you dear? It may be too early for me to have heard from it, but it seems to me I should hear about this time. It hardly seems possible that we have been in this place two months now. I wish I could tell you where I am, but that is not possible. Have you written to Mrs. Lloyd F. Finch, Adrian, Mich. yet? Let me know when you do.

I am sorry to hear that the warriors are not as materially friendly as they were going to be. I hope matters change because I have always thought a great deal of both of them. However if they don't treat my dear little wife the way she wants them to, they can go to H —. So there. Your friends are my friends and I have no others. There is nothing in all this world I am living for dear, but you. And all my life I am going to devote to you, in an endeavor to make up to you some of the suffering you have been through and to show you that I think my dear wife is the best, dearest, sweetest, bravest most wonderful and most beautiful little

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woman on God's earth. I love you mother
dear, Oh! so much! I love every bit of you
with all my heart and soul. I love you
and adore you. God bless you dear, and
the dear babies, and keep you all safe, strong
and well till I return. Kiss Ted and the dear
kiddies for me. Goodbye till tomorrow
dearest. I will write more then. Remem-
ber me to all my friends. Tell them I
don't write simply because I have absolutely
no time. Goodbye lover dear. I love
you.

"A.B."

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